

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Cambridge, Monday (1876?) My dear Alec:

Your letter of August 4th. received. It makes me much ashamed of my yesterday's letter. My only excuse is that it was a very warm day and I had chosen one of the hottest rooms to write in. Coming down-stairs afterwards, I felt quite cold. I am so thankful you are not here now you would melt into nothing, yesterday and today are the hottest days we have had I think, and the night too is very warm.

Poor Grandma is quite upset. Instead of being able to walk from the B. and M. depot she is lying on her side in a sort of stupor. She had turns last evening getting much confused, and now is quite unconscious. Mamma thinks anxiety on Kate's account has something to do with it. Just as I write this Grandpa comes in with the news Kate died this morning. We have felt no hope for sometime and I think this is a relief. She probably would not have recovered her mind, if she had lived. Auntie Berta is in New York and must stay there until after the funeral. Mr. Marsh is there with her.

I am glad you have had an opportunity to try some experiments, but wish they had been still more successful than they were.

My pen, ink and paper are spoiling my temper, do you notice how ugly my writing has become, the paper is horrid and has spoilt my pen.

Papa's commissionership is undecided and will not be until after Congress adjourns. Then he will have to return to Washington, that is if he is appointed. In the fall he may have a

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commissary's 2 car and travel about the Indian Territory at his own sweet will. Sister wants to go but Mamma hardly thinks her strong enough.

Grace and I are going to Swampscott this afternoon. It is so very hot that it is a perfect martyrdom to go, but society's laws must be obeyed my dear. I suppose I shall have an awful time sitting between one stupid boy or shy mother at dinner. Cousin Anna is very nice and gentle but rather shy of me. She is the only one of my Greene Boston relations who called upon me or acknowledged my engagement, so I am bound to go.

What a nice time you seem to be having among your friends. Keep away from these regions as long as you can.

With love to your friends, Lovingly, Mabel. Mamma has pulled a hair out of Papa's eyebrows over two inches long, I wonder if your Grandfather could beat that. I am so anxious to hear of any further experiments you have made. Why don't you tell me about your new cousin. Is Aileen really going to London? What peculiarity is there about the ship Austrian you toasted?